

MARVEL®
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THE REAL

Nº7 38p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

**PETER'S
GASSED
OUT!**

**RAY'S
SQUEAKED
OUT!**

**EGON'S
FREAKED
OUT!**

YOU'LL BE KNOCKED OUT!





Pin back your lug'oles, put on your leather jacket, load up your silver bullets, grab plenty of loose change and prepare for the latest, greatest issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!**

This howling, screeching, screaming issue will make you wish you'd never washed your ears out. From strange howls in the night to even stranger wails during the day, the Real Ghostbusters are on call, twenty-four hours a day. The Real Ghostbusters: the supernatural answer to one man and his dog, sees four men and their ghost, and their receptionist, determined to save the world ... whether it likes it or not!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

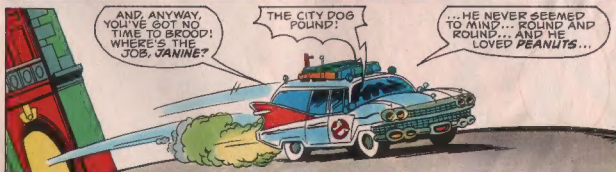


JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





BIG, HUH? NOTHING'S TOO BIG FOR US!

HOWL!

ET, RAY... I THINK YOU SHOULD DEAL WITH THIS... YOU'RE THE FUR FREAK!







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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Hi. When I was just seven years old, my old Uncle Reuben took me to see the classic film *Fangs of the Man Wolf*. The film starred Fritz Karlosgi Snr as a young adventurer who is bitten in the Carpathians by a werewolf. I thought at the time that this sounded painful, until Uncle Reuben explained that the Carpathians were mountains. Reuben also explained that a werewolf is an unfortunate human, cursed by a disease called Lycanthropy, who turns into a ravening wolf-like beast every full moon. Sure enough, barely had Mr Karlosgi recovered from the bite, than the camera showed us a rising full moon, and Mr Karlosgi suddenly appeared to need a shave – and a dentist.

The film had a lasting effect on me: it was my first encounter with the supernatural, and it fired in me an enthusiastic interest in the science of the paranormal that has made me what I am today.

Thanks, Uncle Reuben.

WEREWOLVES

Werewolves are amongst the oldest supernatural creatures that haunt the darker corners of our world: their legends go back as far as those of ghosts and demons in the cultures of man. Man has always been fascinated by those that have the power to change into a beast. It needn't be a wolf – that is merely the form that the european curse takes. There are



PART 7

Werefoxes, Werebears, Africa has its Wererhinos, India its Weretigers, and Eskimos have a Werewalrus and the slightly less alarming Werpenguin. A Lycanthropy sufferer will take the form of a prevalent local animal species: hence, for example, the Weresheep of Carlisle, which scientists take to be more interesting than dangerous.

The word 'Werewolf' comes from the Anglo Saxon stems 'Were', meaning 'Man' and 'Wolf' meaning 'Wolf'. The legends began, it seems, in France and Southern Europe, where many mediaeval manuscripts depict the 'ManWolves' which, apparently, spent the Middle Ages terrorising French Peasants. Mediaeval scholars quickly discovered that it took just one bite to transfer the awful curse from a wolf to his victim, so for years they advised people not to bite

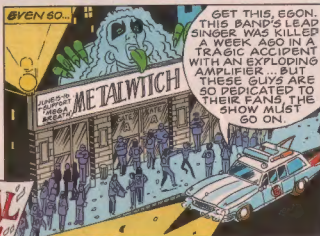
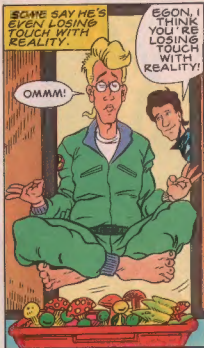
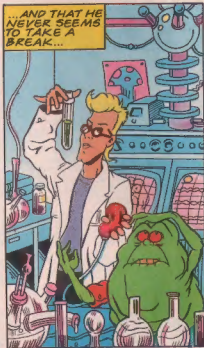
wolves. However, the plague of ManWolves worsened, and people were forced to actively combat the menace. Then it was discovered that silver was fatal to the werewolf kind.

For a little while, the use of silver in werewolf warfare was a little crude. A candelabra or a fruitbowl is not the most easily swung of weapons. But after a few technical refinements, the first crack werewolf fighters were released upon the world, armed with the latest in state-of-the-art anti-lycanthropy firepower. In other words, there was a lot of, slightly less terrified, french peasants wandering around carrying catapults and silver coins.

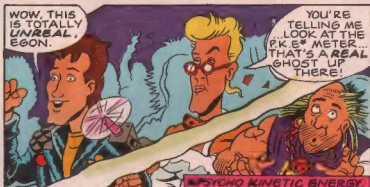
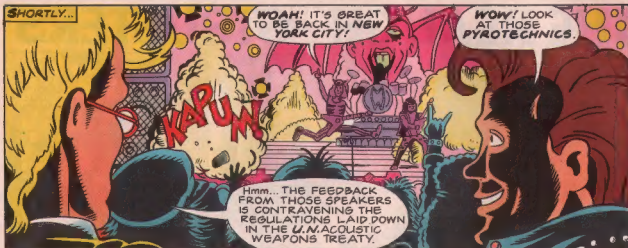
Things have, of course, improved since those days. I've known two WereBusters during my research, one of whom has devoted his life to hunting the beasties. Unfortunately, he's never caught one. The other WereBuster has only spent three years doing it but has captured forty-seven. Just the luck of the draw, I guess. You can wait all year for a lycanthrope and then forty-seven come along at once.

It was this second WereBuster, one Rudi Von Kronenbrau of Dusseldorf, who gave me this simple advice for dealing with lycanthropes: "Verk out if it is a full moon, and if it is, be very careful. Carry a silver charm viz you at all times. Don't let yourself get bitten, especially in ze area of ze Carpathians."

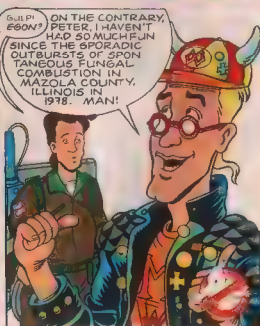
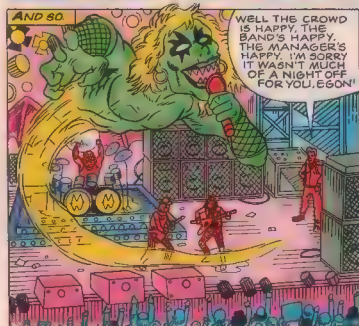
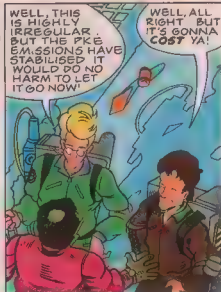
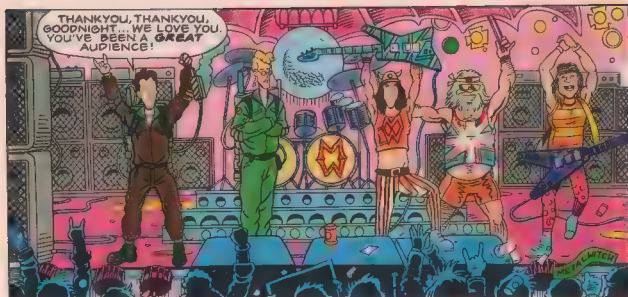
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story JOHN CARNELL Art ANDY LANNING and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering HEL Colouring CHRIS MATTHEWS







GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Hi there, thanks for all your letters, I'm beginning to feel loved in last. Don't forget to send in your completed questionnaires from issue six as well!

Dear Peter . . .

I think that you are the best Ghostbuster out of the whole team because you are a humorous and cool person, but I bet that I am cooler than you! I can keep a choc-ice in my pocket for two months! I can walk through a blazing fire and I can freeze water in six seconds. Beat that then, smartie!

—Michael Savva, Grays

You sound pretty cool to me, Michael, but then you are a fridge aren't you, ay? Aren't you?

Egon is always saying 'there's only one chance' and it is boring, so please mention it to him.

—Atridad Saadat, Cheltenham

Egon says he'll try his best, he's not sure how he'll manage it, but there is one chance.

When you use a trap, how does it pull the ghost down? Is it like a vacuum cleaner? Why doesn't the ghost escape? I thought ghosts could pass through anything, including metal.

Sean Fletcher, Bradford

No, Sean, it's not like a vacuum cleaner, for a start it doesn't have an attachment for cleaning right up to the skirting! It's a bit more like a proton fishing rod which holds the ghost in a beam and then draws it into the trap. Ghosts may be able to pass through material objects, but the trap has it's own anti-plasmic, proton chemical field, patented by Egon, which is escape-proof and also unique to Ghostbusters.

How do different types of ectoplasm form?

—Robert Redman, Oxford

I referred your letter to Egon, Robert, and he said that variations in ectoplasmic residue are the fundamental result of the varying density and consistency of the paranormal entity responsible for emitting said substance. Whatever you say Egon, but it's all slime to me!

1. Please can you tell me if anything has really frightened you?
2. Do you really like Slimer?
3. Have you ever blasted

Slimer, or have the others always stopped you?

—Susan Brunning, Herts

1. Well I hate to admit to being afraid of anything as I'm so brave and cool, but just between you and me, I'm not too keen on heights. That's a closely-guarded secret, so don't tell anyone okay? 2. No 3. If only! I can but hope.

I think the comic is great! Egon could have a few driving lessons with my dad, as he is a driving instructor!

—Mark Hill, East Sussex

Thanks for the offer, Mark, as I'm certain Egon could do with a refresher course, and I'm sure Ray would appreciate not having to spend his spare time nursing ECTO-1 back to health each time Egon takes the wheel.

Dear Slimer, I think you should make the other guys take more notice of you. Since you're a ghost, you could give them tips on how to catch other ghosts. You could teach Peter some good jokes too. What kind of things did you do before you met the Real Ghostbusters?

—Dominic Pajak, Stamford

I read your letter to Slimer, but unfortunately he was unable to reply as we've only just taught him not to talk with his mouth full. Consequently, he doesn't find much time to talk any more. Besides — there is absolutely nothing wrong with my jokes!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 23 Redan Place, London, W2 4SA

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story IAN RIMMER  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD



Monday, 6th June, 1988.

Like most people, I guess, I have good days and bad days. Unlike most people, my good days consist of encounters with really nasty ghouls, which we capture. Also unlike most people, my bad days consist of encounters with really nasty ghouls which almost capture us. Today wasn't a bad day. it was far, far worse. . .

Ray, Peter and I were on our way back from a bust in Maine, where we'd had more trouble from the caller than the spectre. He was one of those guys who follow you everywhere, always looking over your shoulder to see what's happening. Mind you, even with this chap's constant interference, catching the ghost was no problem at all – we just put the trap on the floor and watched this really harried-looking spook beat its fists against the flaps, begging to be put inside. Maybe this was the first ever ghost to be haunted by a human. . .

Anyway, on the trip home, ECTO-1 was running low on petrol, so Ray pulled in at a brand new station. The fact that none of us had seen the place under construction, let alone heard of the new garage, might have alerted less tired people, but Ray, Peter and I didn't give it a thought. The cheery attendant performed the usual tasks – filled us up, cleaned the windscreen, said "Have a nice day!" and we pulled out. Then Peter came out

with what he calls making a statement of strange fact, what Ray calls volunteering an interesting observation, and what I call dropping a bombshell. He was looking through the back window when he said, "Guys – you know the attendant who just served us? Well the flesh has sort of fallen away from his body – he's just a skeleton now. Mind you, he's still waving. . ."

"Wow!" cried Ray in a way that only he can. "You mean we bought petrol from a spook?"

"Stop the car!" I yelled, certain that what Peter had seen was not a ghost omen for happy motoring.

"Er, we're in serious trouble here," Ray answered. "Either I'm pressing the wrong pedal, or the car's out of control!"

ECTO-1 suddenly dived forward, picking up speed at an alarming rate. "It's not me!" protested Ray. "I didn't do a thing."

"Well could you try?" Peter begged. "You know, something like turning the engine off, or knocking us out of gear!"

Ray tried. Ray failed. "No response to anything I do!" he gasped.

"How about turning the wheel," I suggested helpfully, spotting the large articulated lorry coming in the opposite direction.

I heard Ray go "Ulp!" and saw him slowly twist round in his seat. Then he handed me the steering wheel, which had come free in his hands, and added "Would you like to try it yourself?"

We hurtled past the lorry and on towards New York City, the three of us completely helpless in our own car. We zipped in and out of traffic, sometimes on the road, most of the time off it. We ought to have crashed half a dozen times, yet somehow the car avoided everything. Talk about demon drivers. . .!

The phantom fuel the spook attendant had put in our tank had taken over ECTO-1. The car's controls, radio included, paid less attention to us than Slimer usually does. We even attempted opening the doors as we sped along – Peter took things a stage further and suggested climbing out of the windows but he remembered what had happened to him last time he did that and thought better of it.

"Let's face it, guys," concluded Peter. "ECTO-1 is possessed. We're trapped inside,

being driven into New York by unknown demons – none of whom, I suspect, have a licence."

It was a reasonable suspicion, for even taxi drivers were taking evasive action and cursing the bad driving. The seemingly aimless charge brought us into thicker town traffic but that only made ECTO-1's possessors drive harder. We flashed down busy streets, dodging between cars and buses, bracing ourselves for the inevitable crash. Yet time and again, a last second swerve, accompanied by squealing tyres and howling Ghostbusters, took ECTO-1 inches clear of other vehicles.

By now, all our nerves were shot to pieces. This had to stop at some point, we knew that, but when Ray pointed out a sign that read *Dead End*, we nevertheless swallowed hard.

We were motoring down a narrow, high-walled entrance to a disused parking lot when I saw activity at the far end. I spotted the hardware first – two proton packs. Then I recognised Egon and Janine.

"Maybe they heard something on the police frequencies," suggested Ray when he saw them. "Whatever – looks like Egon's pressed Janine into service, and it's showdown time!"

"But – they can't fire!" Peter protested. "What about us?"

ECTO-1 hurtled on as Egon and Janine raised their proton guns. Suddenly the car



juddered. "This is it – we're about to be busted!" yelled Peter.

"No!" corrected Ray as ECTO-1 juddered again. "They haven't fired yet!" The car jerked violently a third time, and the engine cut out.

"Quick – hit the brakes!" I screamed. Ray stamped his feet down hard. The tyres bit into the ground and we screeched to a halt.

"What – what happened?" asked the bewildered Peter.

"Maybe we sort of ran out of whatever was put in our tank," guessed Ray.

Egon strolled up, tried the handle of the driver's door and pulled it open effortlessly. "Egon, it was unbelievable," Ray blurted out. "ECTO-1 was possessed!"

Egon stared down impassively. "And I always thought people worried about having their cars *repossessed*," he said quietly.

What was it all about? How should I know – after all, we're dealing with the unknown here. But I'll settle for Egon's suggestion that it was some kind of petrol attendant poltergeist, causing mischief. Oh sure, we later checked at the site of the station where the phantom fuel had come from, but all we found was an old derelict outhouse, a couple of ancient pumps – and one other thing – a bill for petrol dated Monday, June the 6th, 1928!



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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What do short-sighted ghosts wear?
Spook-tacles!
—Steven James, Norwich

What kind of boats do vampires like?
Blood vessels!
—Daniel Parker, Bristol

How do dinosaurs pass exams?
With extinction!
—Colin Turvey, Birmingham

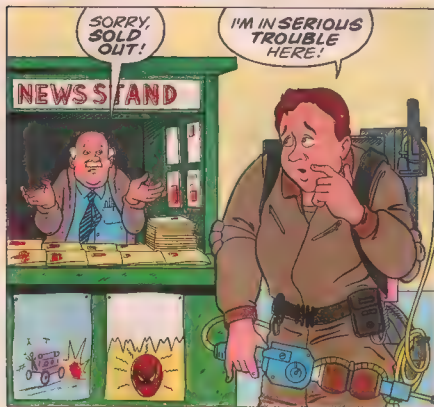
What does a vegetarian monster eat?
Swedes!
—Craig Shepherd, Manchester

Why did Dracula miss lunch?
Because he didn't fancy the stake!
—Sarah Lewis, Colchester

Why did the monster eat candles?
For light refreshment!
—Richard Elliot, Newcastle

Why are vampires crazy?
Because they are often bats!
—Chris Bennett, Essex

What is the best way for a ghost hunter to keep fit?
Exorcise regularly!
—Stuart Graves, Rochester



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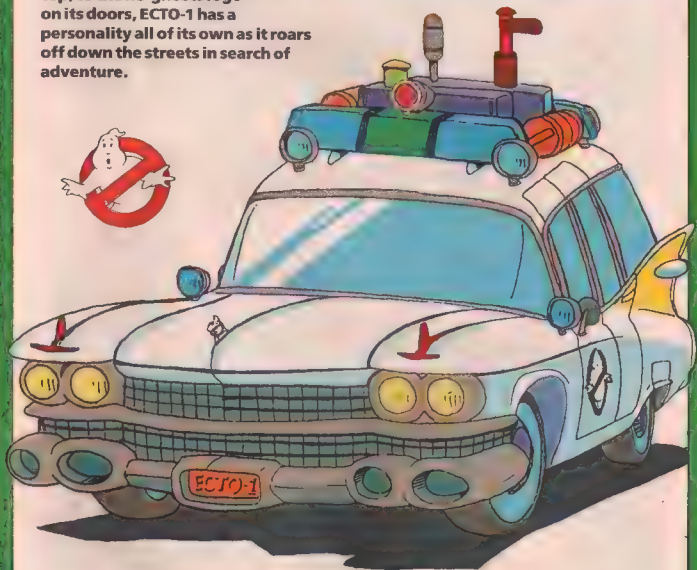
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Formerly an ambulance customised to the strange needs of the Ghostbusters, ECTO-1 is their primary means of transport. ECTO-1 is loaded with exotic equipment for the busting and containment of ghosts in all forms and of all natures. This equipment may or may not work at any given moment, and the same can be said of its owners. From the siren on its top, to the no-ghosts logo on its doors, ECTO-1 has a personality all of its own as it roars off down the streets in search of adventure.



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

NEW YORK....

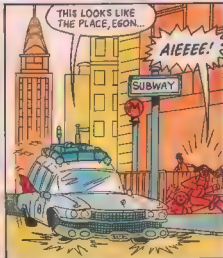
LET ME GET THAT STRAIGHT, JARVIS. YOU SAY THERE'S A PARANORMAL DISTURBANCE IN THE SUBWAY ON SIXTH?



NO, SEVENTH, ESON, AND HURRY, IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

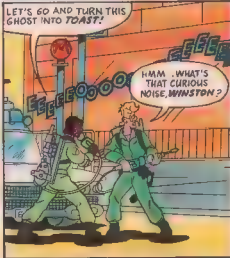


THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE, ESON...



AIEEEE!

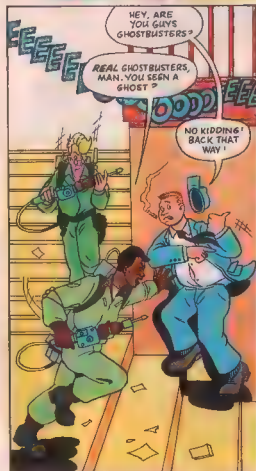
LET'S GO AND TURN THIS GHOST INTO TOAST!



HMM...WHAT'S THAT CURIOUS NOISE, WINSTON?

HEY, ARE YOU GUYS GHOSTBUSTERS?

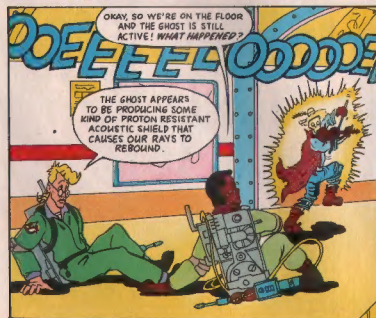
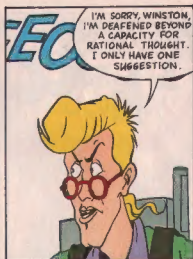
REAL GHOSTBUSTERS, MAN. YOU SEEN A GHOST?

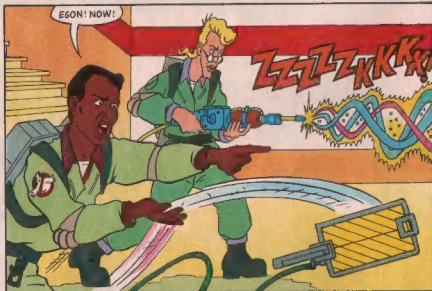


NO KIDDING! BACK THAT WAY!

FASCINATING, WINSTON! IT APPEARS TO BE SOME KIND OF -







NEXT ISSUE:

HORSE PLAY!

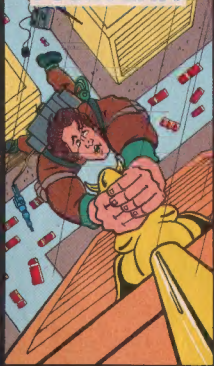


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ROBOT.....


MODE 2

THE
TRANSFORMER
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A VEHICLE.....


MODE 3

SHELL
RE-ASSEMBLES
TO PRODUCE AN
ACTION FIGURE.


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